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TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.
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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.
LONDON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10.

THE TURK DEPARTS.

THE WAR is a vast thunderstorm that we hope will at least clear the air forever of some accumulated poisons. The poison of conspiracy, of intrigue, the lingering taint of "divine right," the "vested rights" of "giving, abdicating, and shall we say, whiskey, too, and perhaps the most insatiable and odious poison of all the centuries, the nightmare of the unspeakable Turk.

Always the Turk, Salluk or Ottoman, a mottled little, has blighted, estranged, destroyed, never built anything but a mosque now and then. It was the Hun of the middle ages and early modern times, obliterating the irrigation and fertility of the old Euphrates valley and the ancient civilization of the declining Roman Empire at Constantinople, scratching out the frescoes inside the dome of the great church of Saint Sophia and painting it outside with endearing red and yellow stripes by way of compensation, distorting its fine interior proportions to the eye by the zig-zag prayer carpets on the floor, turning the one-time capital of the later Caesars into an Asiatic outpost full of yellow dogs, filth and plague. The Turk bankrupted Egypt and nursed the nests of pirates at Algiers and Tunis. For centuries he hung menacingly over all Christendom and, of thousands of Christian captives languishing in his dungeons, saved his, his "belly" or stocked his harems. He never made a friend, he did not wish to. Like a lonely dragon in his den, his hand was against every man. Like the modern Prussian, he considered that other nations existed only to be beaten down, and if they opposed him, to be "dashed in pieces." At last he has found his one friend of all history, one like himself in pre-emption and brutality, though superior in intelligence and systematic energy, a sinister friend who drags him down with him to destruction.

For the last two centuries the Turk has been in falling health. Algeria and Tunis, centers of brigandage, passed to a better master. Egypt came under the benign protection of Great Britain and is now finally severed from the brute power of the Ottoman. Tripoli is gone, before that the Danube and the Balkans, and since, Albania, Macedonia, and the most of Thrace, were looted off, and some time ago Caucasian was torn away by Russia. Now the desperate, bold and directed by Prussia, pulls down the whole building on his head, and by next year the epithet of the Turkish Empire will be written. A new day will dawn for its various peoples. Of the extinct Turkish rule it can only be written that it did that which was evil, blighting for a thousand years the Levantine world.

FOR COAST WORK.

THE Germans have been boasting of the destruction they will accomplish by their new monster guns when they reach Calais, but as the chances of getting there have become remote, the world is much more likely to hear about the execution of the new British 15-inch guns which have just been shipped from the Schwab steel plant at Bethlehem, Pa., to Belfast. There is little doubt but that it is the intention of the British to place these on light draught cruisers or monitors built especially for the purpose of operations along the Belgian coast. In fact, the British Government has purchased two monitors intended for Brazil on which will be placed the first of the big cannon. This type of craft is especially designed to operate in shallow waters. It carries but a few feet draught, yet is well armored and heavily armed. So light a draught have they that they could cruise in waters where it would be impossible for them to be attacked by submarines, and as they have a long range they will no doubt be utilized to great advantage in covering landing parties along the Belgian coast, or in shelling positions of the enemy. When the Allies commence to drive the Prussians from Flanders a few weeks hence the British monitors with their new cannon should prove of great assistance.

THE CRUCIBLE.

THE Canadian Parliament's cosmopolitanism was strikingly exemplified in the several figures having to do with the speech from the throne—Sir Robert Borden, of rugged, honest, English stock; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the personification of all that is best in the French character; and Mr. Weichel, representative of the kindly, able, non-militaristic German. The other British branch nationalities, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, are represented in Parliament, and there are men of other blood.

Canada is the crucible of all nationalities. In this land the men of all nations seem to thrive. It has a distinctiveness of climate, yet all seem to stand our rugged winters and to enrich themselves on our limitless opportunities. The country takes the best of all races, as it should, and gives them rich blessings of nature in re-

turn. There is something primitive that has appeal beyond nationality. The lumberjack perhaps best represents our type of nationality on one side, but there is the ennobling influence of all the finer things of the old lands mixed into our national character. A touch of French dash blends strangely with the heavy-fibred conservatism of the English. The Irish and Scotch bring the romance and the poetry to our land. The sweet songs of the Emerald Isle are Canada's, and the poems of Burns fit in with our breadth and love of freedom.

The German who has taken root in this soft turns the best that is in him to production. He wants no military (who ever heard of a German Canadian asking to be conscripted?) and he is found at his best on the land or in the manufacturing institution. He does not play into the game of politics very much; he is more than satisfied with the advanced measure of freedom from straps and buckles and barracks, and quietly builds for his home and family. Oh, that he could call across the waters, sending his voice with its message of enlightenment and rebuke to those who have made his father's fellow-countrymen the ruthless slaves of the sword!

STANDING TOGETHER.

WHILE Canadians by the thousands are preparing to take their place at the front, and do their share of fighting for the Empire, the Canadian Parliament has gathered to provide the means. The opening days of the war session have shown the Commons standing together, to a man, with the object of advancing as rapidly as possible the Dominion's aid to the motherland. Party lines have been wiped out under the stress of the situation. This is as it should be. What at other times, normal times, was of importance, becomes almost trivial when measured by the Empire crisis that prevails. Harmony and dispatch should be the motto at Ottawa these days. The Canadian people will be impatient of any unnecessary friction, or delay in putting through legislation for war purposes. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has promised that the Opposition will in no way obstruct the Government in its war policy. Rather will it actively assist in every way within its power to lighten the heavy task of the Government. The request of the Liberal leader for an accounting of the \$50,000,000 placed at the disposal of the Government last August undoubtedly meets the approval of the public. If there have been frauds that have told against the men we are sending to the front, nothing could be more patriotic than exposure of the criminals. It will be to the credit of the Dominion that the scandal, finally the picture of the Dominion Parliament, the law makers of the greatest of the overseas dominions, standing together, party put to one side, while they prosecute the war plans, will furnish an excellent object lesson for the enemy.

GERMANY AND TURKEY.

PROFESSOR HART, the distinguished Harvard historian, turned some interesting light on the relation of Germany to the Balkans, in his address to the Canadian Club in Toronto. An expert on Balkan history and politics, he speaks with authority. He showed the enormous influence which Germany has acquired in the last twenty years over Turkey. The Kaiser has played the part of Svengali to first old Abdul the Damned, and later the Young Turk leaders. Why this hypnotic control?

Germany's motives for its exercise are sufficiently plain. Her ally, Austria, must control the Danube, while Germany has larger aims. As Professor Hart says, she wants the Baghdad railway as part of a route to India and China. As Russia has her railway across Siberia, and Great Britain the sea routes by Suez and the Cape, Germany would have the Balkans and Baghdad as stations "on the road to Mandalay."

Turkey's motives in submitting to Teutonic control are not so clear, perhaps. But first, all Turkish politicians hate and fear Russia. Lately they have found that the Balkan Slavs are also to be feared, and German diplomacy has persuaded them that these lesser Slavs are the pound allies of the Muscovite, all together constituting a near and monstrous peril to the Moslem stay in Europe.

As for Great Britain, there was a moment a few years ago when it seemed that, with the constitutional revolution at Constantinople, the great democratic empire might shove aside and replace Germany as the best friend of the new Turkey. But the Young Turks went mad with a nationalism and militarism so akin to that of Prussia that birds of a feather must flock together. Besides, the continued British occupation of Egypt has been a grievance to the self-conceit of the young Turk nationalist. Hence the renewed dominion over Turkey's body and soul from Berlin.

To come back to Professor Hart's lecture, he pointed out also the military strength and inviolable resolution of the Christian Balkan states to either Russia or Germany, and the inevitable ultimate securing possession of Constantinople. Whether these two views are strictly and fully consistent, it is not easy to say. Can Bulgaria be independent, with the Russian eagle at Czargrad?

U. S. PROSPERITY.

JUST how the war is benefiting the United States industrially is made apparent in the figures recently made public by the department of commerce at Washington. According to the excess of exports over imports in January of this year over the excess in December, 1914, a gain of \$27,000,000 a month is shown. This would mean that if the same proportion of increase continued the United States would be \$1,500,000,000 the good at the end of 1915. The actual trade done with foreign

countries in January, 1914, and January, 1915, was respectively \$204,066,603 and \$250,000,000, an increase in favor of the war year of more than \$50,000,000. The gain, figured on the excess of exports over imports for the two months, was \$107,000.

If the war continues and neutral nations are not prevented from exporting by reason of "war zones," it will be a rich year for Uncle Sam. The "innocent bystander" is catching more than his share of the good things that drop from the burning house.

Much of this increased export business is caused by the heavy orders for supplies given by the allied nations. Germany's proportion of the buying has been small. Foodstuffs, munitions of war, wearing apparel, horses and leather goods, as well as heavy shipments of metal have been sent away.

It is surprising that the import business of the United States amounted to almost as much in January, 1915, as in the same month in 1914. The imports are said to be steadily increasing, which means that the fleet of Great Britain and the ships of Great Britain are keeping the United States supplied with necessities from across the water. Certainly German ships are not bringing in the goods (there are no German ships flying on the high seas), and most of the imports must reach American ports in British bottoms.

The United States has a moral obligation to meet in the fact that but for the British navy and the British mercantile marine this proud array of business would not be possible. American prosperity, depends on the strength of the British nation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Get her valentine early.

If Hohn does half as well as Harry Thaw, the war will be over before he is extradited.

It is worth noting that the only abuse of American passports to date has been proved upon Germans.

"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" proved a short, short way to fame for the men who wrote it.

It's a long, long way to Salisbury Plain, but it doesn't matter, as the Canadian hearts are not there.

Once more has the sailing of the Dacia been postponed. Has there been a hint from Washington, or is it the German submarines they fear?

Three of the men who assassinated the Archduke Ferdinand were hanged last Wednesday. The royal murderer who used the incident to launch a world war is still unchanged.

If Lloyd George started a lecture tour in the United States in defence of Great Britain's actions in the war, there would be a tremendous hullabaloo by hyphenated Americans, yet he would have just as much right to do it as Dr. Dernberg. Would anybody suppose that Lloyd George was not acting for the British Government? If Dernberg does not hold an official position, as a special pleader for the Kaiser, as he asserts, why is he in America and not at home?

THE MONTHLY BILLS.

[Detroit Free Press.] Most every month the mail man brings a lot of letters to our door. With windows in the front, so's he can tell the people they are for. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs.

Then after supper Pa sits down. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs. An' Ma just takes them in an' sighs.

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Germany's hope, Commander-in-Chief, resisting the Russians. Find two Russians.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE—Upside down in front of guard.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

To Help Those Who Cannot Help Themselves.

What are you going to do?
That is the question which every man
And woman and child in this great land
Must give an answer to.
Thou' they cannot enter the firing line
There is much they can do, and now's the time
To rally to the grand old flag
And do some work—not for a bribe
To those who are loyal, and staunch, and true,
I ask you—What are you going to do?
For our soldiers, whose ceaseless energy
Maintains our command of the mighty sea?
There are mothers and sweethearts, children and wives,
Whose loved ones have left them to risk their lives.
For those left behind by our lads in blue,
I ask you—What are you going to do?
For our soldiers, who strive in this awful fight
To suppress the wrong and maintain the right?
They leave all whom they love to the world's grim care,
To support them we must all do our share.
For the families of men who are fighting for you,
I ask you—What are you going to do?
For the Belgians, whose children cry for bread;
Whose fathers were murdered—shall it be said
That we paid no heed to their pitiful cry?
But left them to perish, to starve and die?
For humanity's sake, I appeal to you
And ask you—What are you going to do?
What are you going to do?
That is the question which every man,
And woman and child in this great land
Can give this answer to:
I will give in corn what my means allow,
Or in food or work, it matters not how,
In whatever manner my help is sought,
I will give what I can, I will do as I ought,
To support a cause which is just and true,
My best is what I am going to do.

Godolph, Ont., Feb. 6, 1915.

T. STEVENSON.

"How I Fought For the Badshah"

INTERVIEW WITH A WOUNDED INDIAN SOLDIER.

What do the strange, silent Indians think while they lie on their backs all day in England, recovering from wounds? It is all so new to them, so utterly unfamiliar, so new, so new. They lie there all day thinking. Their homes are distant, thousands of miles away, and England is so wonderful. They think of their wives and children, of the white men who are things apart, being different.

But here is the story of one of them—old just in the past, and now a word for word. It is the first interview with one of the Eastern warriors that has yet been published.

"Weekly Dispatch" Special.
This is the simple story of Fateh Khan, age 28 years in months, sepoys in the Hunnery and Twenty-Ninth Battalion. He was wounded in the war, and now lies, mostly smiling, but always very happy, in a blue cot in the Domes of the Domes, in the Domes of the Domes.

Fateh Khan, as he tells his story, blows many cigarettes through his closed lips. After he has done so, there is time, too, to suck half a dozen pepper balls, and to eat several warm chapattis (flat wheaten cakes) dipped in butter and sugar.

"I heard a story about a man in a restaurant. This man, as he sat at a table in a restaurant with his wife, frowned, and took his napkin and made as if to wipe off the surface of his plate—but the waiter grabbed his arm and said, 'Hold on, sir, he said, 'Don't.'"

"But said the man, 'there's a speak on my plate.'"

"That ain't no speak, sir," said the waiter. "That's yer steak. Wartime portions, sir."

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.] Once as I toiled along the world's rough road,
I longed to lift each fellow-pilgrim's load,
I yearned to smooth all obstacles away,
And make the journey one glad holiday.

Now that so much of life's long path is trod,
I better know the purposes of God,
As I come nearer to the final goal,
I grasp the meaning of the Over-Soul.

This is the message as it comes to me:
Do well the task thy Master set for thee.
Cheer the despairing—ease his load a bit,
Or teach him how he best may carry it.

But do not lift it wholly, lest at length
Thy too great kindness rob him of his strength.
He wrongs his brother who performs his part,
Wake thou the sleeping Angel in each heart.

Inspire the doubting soul to search and find,
Then go thy way, nor wait for those behind.
Who cries may follow, and the goal attain;
Perpetual effort is the price of gain.

The gods make room upon the heights sublime,
Only for those who have the will to climb.

is the son of their king, which is why they are so brave. I fire-one hundred rounds of cartridges. It is very terrible. All the time the Germans fall before our big guns, but still they come. It is like another day. Always they come on in big columns, wonder where they all come from.

Back to Their Homes.
"I am pleased with myself that I have fought with the Angrez logue. Also I am glad to have seen the Francis logue (French people). The Russians have not seen, but like the Germans, they are also as brave. Since I have been here they tell me of many English soldiers who shall soon fight with the Germans. That is the right thing, otherwise it would not be well. When they see all the soldiers we shall send, like rats they shall go back to their holes for their fight well only because they are so many. I say to myself they have put the nose round their neck. I presently it shall be pulled tight. I, Fateh Khan, who have heard many things these last days, say it."

"I am glad to have fought side by side with the Angrez logue, and though my work is not yet done, I have the feeling that when my time comes to follow my father, I shall follow to Paradise. I shall surely be carried by the parrot's back, to the glorious land of the faithful. Meanwhile, sahib, if I have talked much of myself, let it be understood it is your wish, Akhram Salamat" (a form of farewell).

He is a very handsome specimen of his race is Fateh Khan, and around him are his brethren, who listen attentively as he speaks, and for his memory when it falls short. At times he wishes that they will take up the burden of his narrative, and speak for him, for as he blows the smoke of his cigarette through his hand his thoughts fall away. One must be patient with him, and wait till he feels like taking up the thread of his story again, since he must talk in his own way, and after the manner of his people.

It is necessary repeatedly to assure him that there is no danger in talking to me, as permission has been given, and the war office in any case will see the story before it is printed. Also, one must have extreme tact in gently disagreeing with his conversation from being a general. In the middle of a sentence he has the provoking habit of addressing himself to his brethren on either side of him, forgetting that he is very present.

He is more anxious that I should taste one of his chapattis than that he should tell me about himself, and the regular distribution of cigarettes from a tin box he keeps by the side of his bed must precede every being. Persistently he laughs at me, and I see an amused light dancing in his eyes, as if to say: "What can all this I am saying interest you English?"

However, after dim of much patience the tale is told, and I leave him with the promise that he shall see all the wonderful things he has told me in print. BERNARD B. FALK.

OPTIONAL.
[Pittsburg Dispatch.] It may surprise some people to know that we already have local option. It is optional with everybody. You can take a drink of liquor or leave it alone.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.
[Boston Transcript.] "Pa, what is the stock exchange?" "A place, my son, where an outsider is apt to exchange a stock of money for a stock of experience."

CHANGED CLUB.
[Boston Transcript.] "Madam," said the man in the street car, "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I've recently joined the St. Bull Club."

"That's all right, sir," replied the woman. "And you must excuse me for staring at you so hard; I am a member of the Stand and Star Club."

She proved herself to be active and conscientious a member that the man began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze. Finally he rose and said: "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours."

TWILIGHT.
[Lurana Sheldon.] When day was weary of her brilliancy, As some fair woman of her diadem, She hides the glory of each sunbeam gem Behind the twilight of the land and sea.

Now, in the calmness of the sterner night, She counts her triumphs in humility; Her mighty hold upon humanity— Her influence along the earth's dark way.

No humbled moment knows all Time then this. When, shorn of lustre, standing stark as I dream, Day reaps the harvest of her brief span here, The honest measure of her work and bliss.

Sunlight and shadow in full concord meet; Daylight and darkness, standing face to face, Shown of their gems, give earnest count of grace— Part, right and left, Life's peace and discontent.

HAMLET.
"And was the production of 'Hamlet' artless?" "For your life, yes. A famous female impersonator played Ophelia, they had a light-weight pugilist in as Hamlet, and four great baseball players were doing other parts."

THE WISE FOOL.
[Cincinnati Enquirer.] "Dead men tell no tales," observed the Sage. "Maybe not," replied the Fool, "but their tombstones are awful liars."

PUNCTURED.
[Douglas Malloch, in Judge.] I wooed her the twentieth-century way, With that wireless telegraphy known to all lovers. In a trim automobile we rode out each day, And felt the same joy that the love ditties say. O'er a horse-propelled vehicle generally hovers,

But her father grew wroth when he saw my intent, As father have often the habit of doing. Now the vows are forgot and the auto for rent— For to winter in Boston my darling he sent, And stopped all our automobiling and cooing.

Southern Resorts—FLORIDA

FLORIDA EAST COAST

Warm and Sunny

Average Temperature 70°

TENNIS AND GOLF

RIDING AND SAILING

Over Sea Railroad, Pullman Service, allows stop-off privileges at principal places.

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St. Augustine, The Colonial, Ponce de Leon Hotel, Ocean Hotel, etc.

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